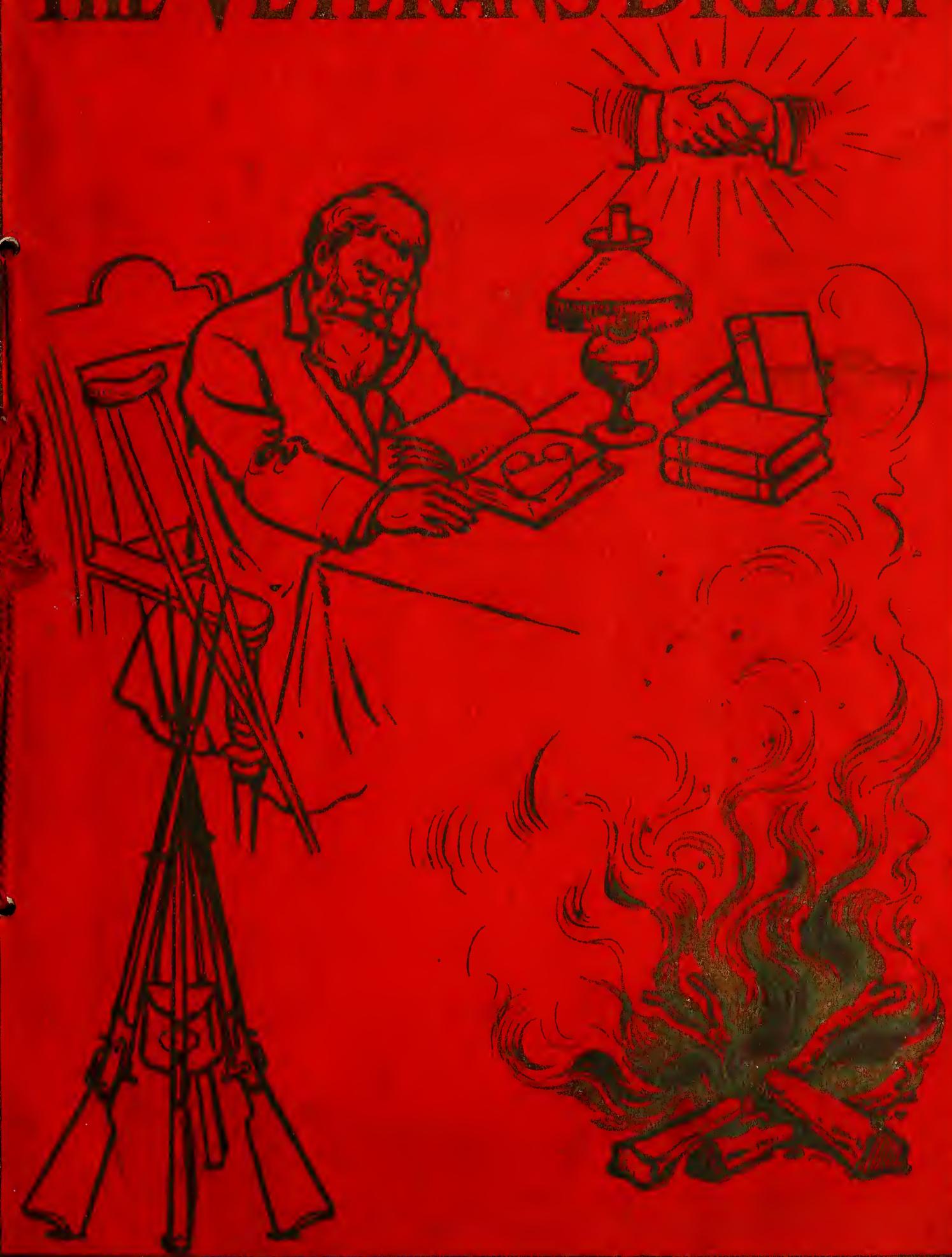


# THE VETERAN'S DREAM





COLL.

Portrait of General Grant.

Portrait of Abraham Lincoln and R. E. Lee.

Marked.

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from

The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

# Endowment Fund Souvenir of Grant Cabin Association.

## OFFICERS:

Hon. Richard Bartholdt, M. C., Prest.                            L. C. Irvine, Sec'y

Union Trust and Savings Bank, E. St. Louis  
Depository of Funds



## Announcement

The Association is formed to preserve from vandalism the Log Cabin, built by Gen. U. S. Grant in the period of his darkest adversity, in 1854, cherished by him as President of the reunited country, and only parted with to save his honor under cruel betrayal by false friends at the last. By establishing it as a museum of war relics, and by endowing it with a fund coming from every quarter of the country, the happy sentiment which the cabin typifies, its inspiration to struggling manhood, will be carried to every hearthstone beside which despair sits, and it will prove a beacon of hope to all.

Every person sending ten cents is made an honorary member and his name is enrolled in the archives of the museum, and he receives a cabin picture in colors, evidencing the fact. Any one sending 10 ten-cent subscriptions is given the beautiful Endowment Fund Souvenir as a premium and one cabin picture for each subscription so secured.

PRICE IN FLEXIBLE PAPER \$1.00

PATRIOT PRESS, Publishers  
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

11

४८

१०२३६

१०२३७

१०२३८ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२३९ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२४० विष्णु विष्णु

१०२४१ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२४२ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२४३ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२४४ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२४५ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२४६ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२४७ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२४८ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२४९ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२५० विष्णु विष्णु

१०२५१ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२५२ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२५३ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२५४ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२५५ विष्णु विष्णु

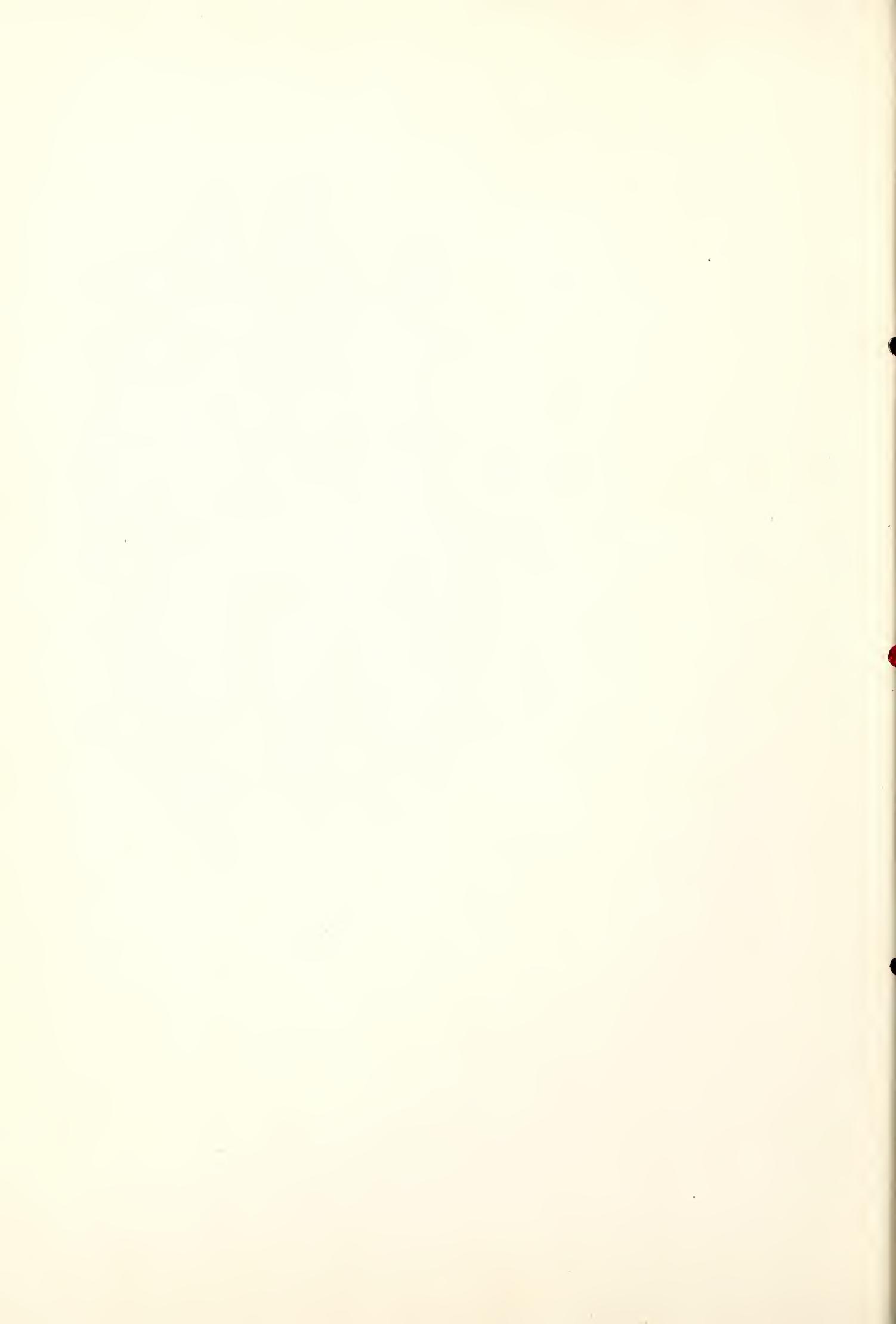
१०२५६ विष्णु विष्णु

१०२५७ विष्णु विष्णु

TRUE LINK OF PAST TO PRESENT STATE;  
STRONG BOND OF HOPE FROM LOWLY UNTO GREAT;  
DEAR HOME OF SMOKE-WROUGHT CASTLE-DREAMS  
BEFORE THE LAZY HEARTH FIRE'S GLEAMS  
BRIGHT CHRYSALIS FROM WHENCE UPSPRUNG  
THAT SOUL SPELL ON WHICH EMPIRES HUNG



THEE! OH GOD OF BATTLES! HOLD  
SAFE FROM GRASP OF VANDAL GOLD  
AND CONSECRATE AS TWERE THY THRONE  
EACH SACRED LOG AND PLANK AND STONE  
THAT MADE THIS NEST OF LOWLY NAME  
WHERE FLENGED A HERO'S DEATHLESS FAME.





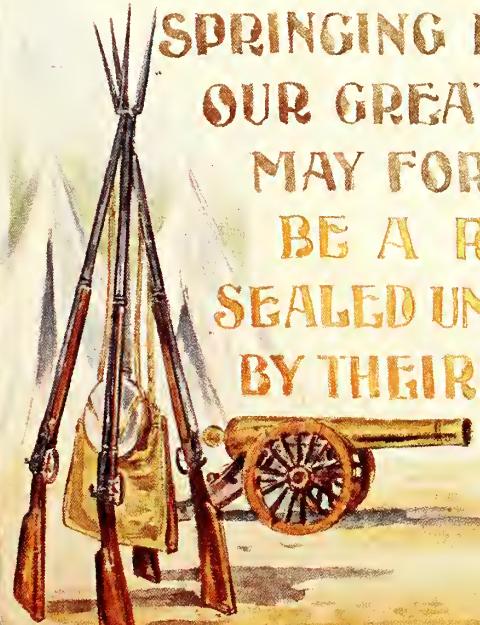
"LET US HAVE PEACE"





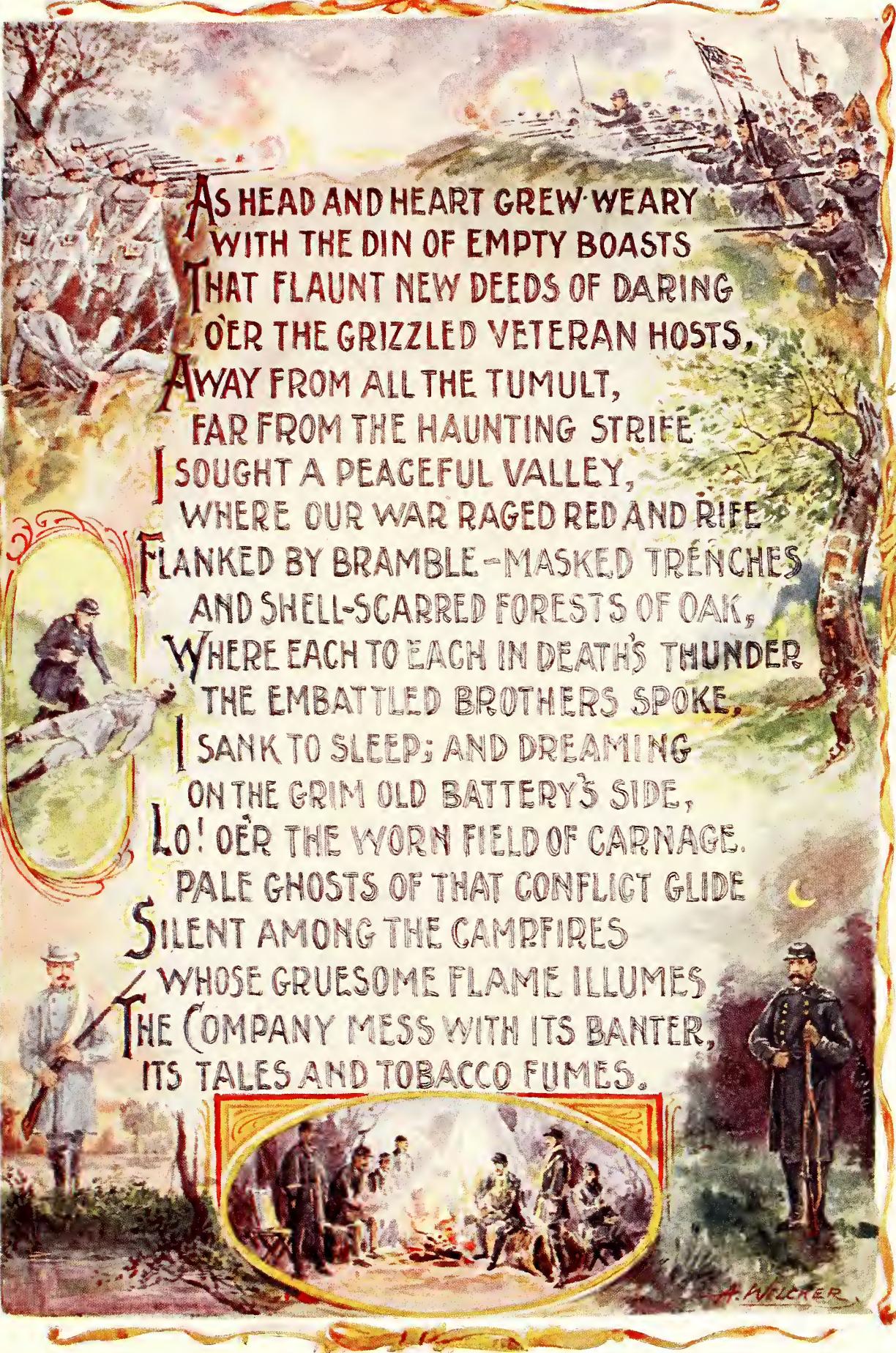
UNITY

DEDICATED TO THE  
GRAND ARMY OF THE DEAD,  
**HEROES OF BOTH BLUE & GRAY**  
AND TO THEIR LIVING ~ COMRADES ~  
WITH THE HOPE THAT ~  
THE SACRED SENTIMENT OF FRATERNITY  
SPRINGING FROM THE GRAVES OF  
OUR GREAT CONFLICT  
MAY FOREVER TO THEM & THEIRS  
BE A RELIGION  
SEALED UNTO THE LATEST GENERATION  
BY THEIR BAPTISM OF FIRE & BLOOD.



A. WELCKER





AS HEAD AND HEART GREW WEARY  
WITH THE DIN OF EMPTY BOASTS  
THAT FLAUNT NEW DEEDS OF DARING  
OER THE GRIZZLED VETERAN HOSTS,  
AWAY FROM ALL THE TUMULT,  
FAR FROM THE HAUNTING STRIFE  
I SOUGHT A PEACEFUL VALLEY,  
WHERE OUR WAR RAGED RED AND RIFFE  
FLANKED BY BRAMBLE-MASKED TRÉNCHES  
AND SHELL-SCARRED FORESTS OF OAK,  
WHERE EACH TO EACH IN DEATH'S THUNDER  
THE EMBATTLED BROTHERS SPOKE,  
I SANK TO SLEEP; AND DREAMING  
ON THE GRIM OLD BATTERY'S SIDE,  
LO! OER THE WORN FIELD OF CARNAGE.  
PALE GHOSTS OF THAT CONFLICT GLIDE  
SILENT AMONG THE CAMPFIRES  
WHOSE GRUESOME FLAME ILLUMES  
THE COMPANY MESS WITH ITS BANTER,  
ITS TALES AND TOBACCO FUMES.

A. WILCKER.



A CYCLE OF CENTURIES PASSING  
ON THE LEADEN WING OF' ELD,  
COULD SCARCE HAVE SEEN THE WONDERS  
IN A MODERN DECADE HELD.  
HERE, INFANTS OF OUR CONFLICT  
NOW EVEN TO GRANDSires GROWN  
ARE STRANGERS TO THE PASSIONS  
THEIR FATHERS' HEARTS HAVE KNOWN.  
YET THE VOICE OF WAR STILL ECHOES  
FROM HUSTINGS AND HALLS OF STATE,  
WHERE CUNNING DEMAGOGUES HOLD SWAY  
IN CLAMOR OF LOUD DEBATE,  
TRADUCING STILL THE VANQUISHED,  
WHOSE FAITH AND FORTUNE AND PRIDE  
TRAILED AND FURLED WITH IT'S BANNER  
WHEN THEIR COUNTRY'S HOPE HAD DIED.  
YET, FROM THAT DEPTH OF RUIN  
A NEW VOICE OF HOPE RESOUNDS  
ITS FAITH IN HOME AND COUNTRY  
WHERE THE PATRIOTS' PRAISE ABOUNDS.

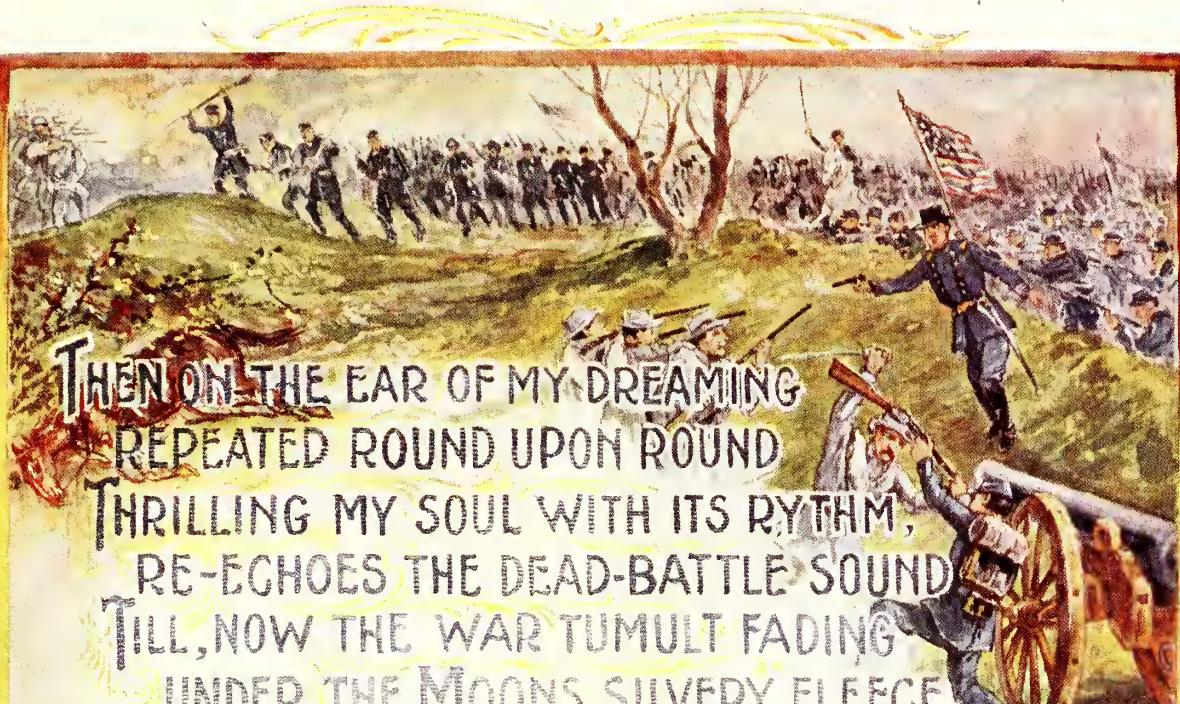
ARMAND WELCKER





YET, FROM THAT DEPTH OF RUIN A NEW VOICE OF HOPE RESOUNDS  
IT'S FAITH IN HOME AND COUNTRY WHERE THE PATRIOTS PRAISE ABOUNDS.





THEN ON THE EAR OF MY DREAMING  
REPEATED ROUND UPON ROUND  
THRILLING MY SOUL WITH ITS RYTHM,  
RE-ECHOES THE DEAD-BATTLE SOUND  
TILL, NOW THE WAR TUMULT FADING  
UNDER THE MOONS SILVERY FLEECE,  
SPREAD OER THE MIST SHROUDED VALLEY  
EACH TENT SEEMED A TEMPLE OF PEACE.  
THEN "REVEILLE" ROLLED WITH THE DAWN  
FROM OUT THE EMPYRIAN GRAND  
ITS CALL FOR FINAL REVIEW  
TO THE SLUMBERING TENTED BAND.  
WITH ITS LAST LONG NOTE OF SUMMONS,  
TRAPPINGS OF WAR MELT AWAY,  
THE WHITE TENTS FADE INTO SHADOWS,  
WHILE UP WITH THE DAWN KISSED DAY,  
A GATHERING FLOOD OF VOICES  
COMES ON THE WINDS FROM AFAR,  
IN BILLION-TONGUED REJOICING  
OER THE HAPPY END OF WAR.





PALE GHOSTS OF THAT CONFLICT GLIDE SILENT AMONG THE CAMP-FIRES  
WHOSE GRUESOME FLAME ILLUMES THE COMPANY MESS WITH ITS BANTER,  
ITS TALES AND TOBACCO FUMES.





THE WORLD HAS GROWN OLD SINCE THE BATTLE  
THAT LEFT ME TO HOSPITAL CARE  
IN THAT LONG AND TERRIBLE CONFLICT  
WHERE DEATH HELD SUCH LIBERAL SHARE  
AND NOW IN CRUTCH RANKED REUNION  
WE FIGHT O'ER THE OLD FIELDS AGAIN  
IN TALES OF RARE REMINISCENCE  
TO A NEW GENERATION OF MEN,  
WHILE THE PULSING EARTH SPINS FORWARD  
"DOWN THE RINGING GROOVES OF CHANGE",  
ABLAZE WITH THE FLAME OF PROGRESS  
FROM OCEAN TO MOUNTAIN RANGE,







THRILLING MY SOUL WITH ITS RYTHM,  
RE-ECHOES THE DEAD-BATTLE SOUND.



**T**HE SWELLING TIDE ROLLS NEARER,  
RISING FROM EVERY HAND,  
**A** FORMLESS VOCAL OCEAN  
INUNDATING ALL THE LAND,  
**A**S DOWN FROM CLOUD-CAPPED MOUNTAINS  
AND UP FROM THE MIST-CLAD VALES,  
**O**VER RED FIELDS OF THE WAR KING,  
OVER SEAS WHITENED WITH SAILS,  
**D**OWN FROM THE RAMPARTS OF COMMERCE,  
**D**OWN FROM THE TEMPLES OF FAME,  
**U**P FROM THE DEPTH OF OBLIVION  
FROM DENS OF ABASEMENT AND SHAME,  
**R**ANK UPON RANK THE SCARRED VETERANS  
**W**EEP ON LIKE A MIGHTY SEA,  
**W**AVE UPON WAVE WHITE CRESTED  
IN THE GLOW OF ETERNITY.

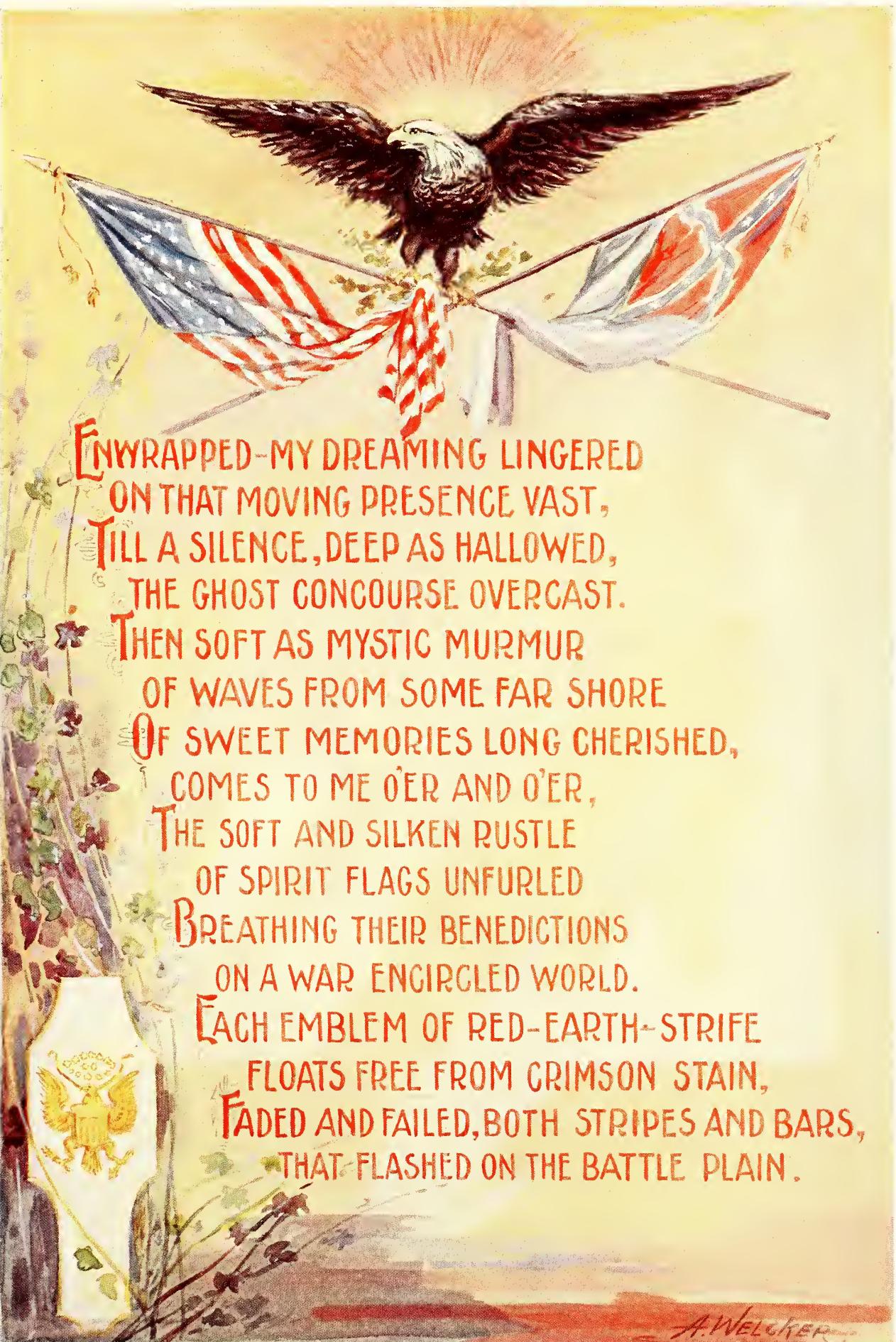
J. A. WELCKER





**RANK UPON RANK THE SCARRED VETERANS  
SWEEP ON LIKE A MIGHTY SEA .**





ENWRAPPED-MY DREAMING LINGERED  
ON THAT MOVING PRESENCE VAST,  
TILL A SILENCE, DEEP AS HALLOWED,  
THE GHOST CONCOURSE OVERCAST.

THEN SOFT AS MYSTIC MURMUR  
OF WAVES FROM SOME FAR SHORE  
OF SWEET MEMORIES LONG CHERISHED,

COMES TO ME O'ER AND O'ER,  
THE SOFT AND SILKEN RUSTLE  
OF SPIRIT FLAGS UNFURLED

BREATHING THEIR BENEDICTIONS  
ON A WAR ENCIRCLED WORLD.

EACH EMBLEM OF RED-EARTH-STRIKE  
FLOATS FREE FROM CRIMSON STAIN,  
FADED AND FAILED, BOTH STRIPES AND BARS,  
THAT FLASHED ON THE BATTLE PLAIN.



THEN IN MUFFLED CADENCE RISING  
COMES A FORMLESS FLOOD OF TONE,  
AS OF MYRIAD VOICES CHANTING  
PRECIOUS NOTES TO EARTH-SONG KNOWN  
THE SPELL ENTHRALLED MY SPIRIT  
PURGED OF BITTERNESS AND PAIN,  
WHEN "JOHN BROWN'S BODY" MELTED TO  
OUR THRILLING "DIXIE'S" STRAIN,  
AND "MARCHING THROUGH OLD GEORGIA",  
REPLACED THE THROBBING TIDE  
THAT SWEPT MY DREAMFUL SPIRIT  
IN THE "BONNY BLUE FLAG'S" PRIDE  
THEN "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND"  
TO THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER" FADES  
AS GATHERING FORCE AND ARDOR,  
O'ER THE HOST OF SOLDIER SHADES,  
AT LAST THE GRAND NOTES WAKEN  
OF THAT ANTHEM OF THE FREE.  
ALL PATRIOTS' LOVE INSPIRING  
"MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE".

ARMAND WELCHER



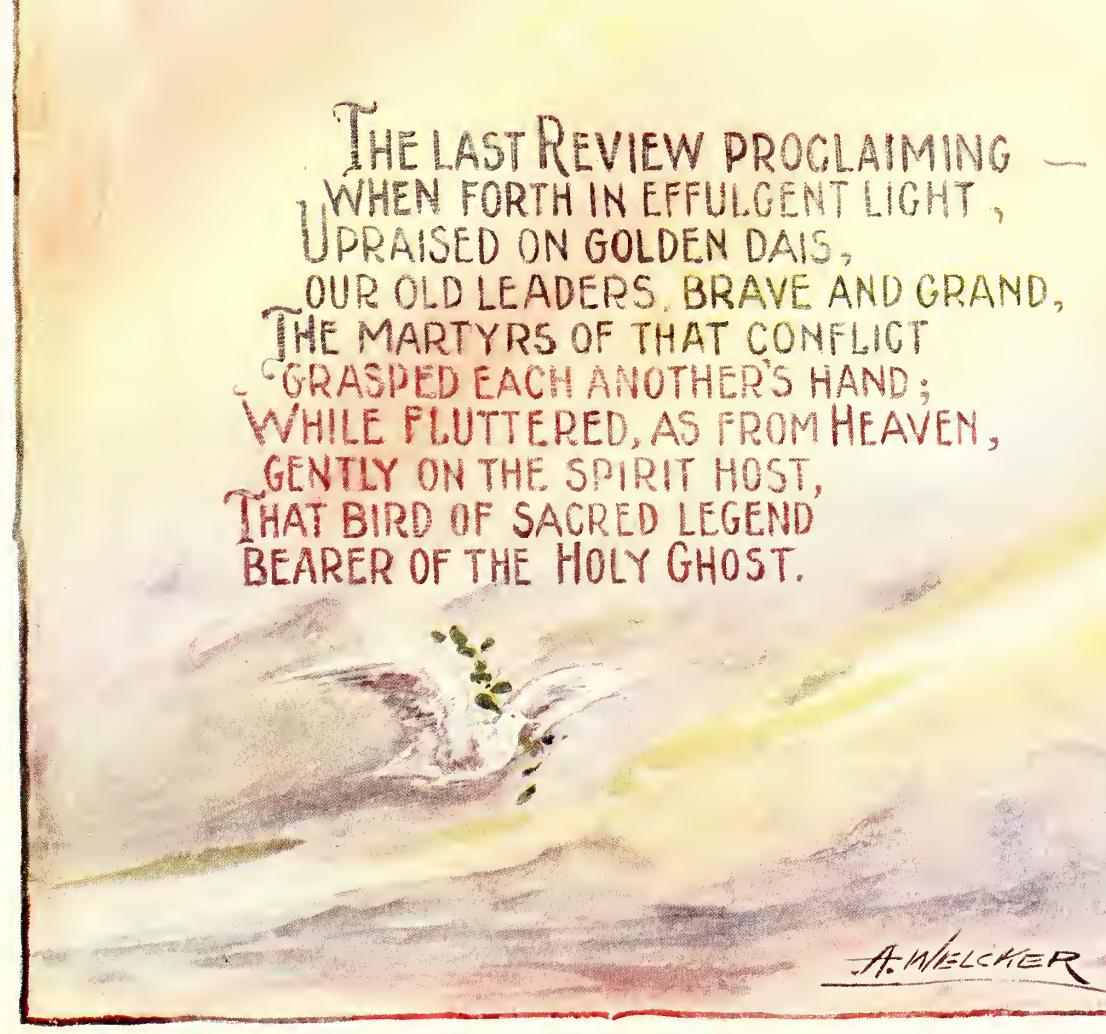


AT LAST THE GRAND NOTES WAKEN  
OF THAT ANTHEM OF THE FREE  
ALL PATRIOTS LOVE INSPIRING,  
"MY COUNTRY TIS OF THEE".





A HUSH THEN, DEEP AS SILENCE  
OF THE WORLDS, ERE SOUND HAD BIRTH  
TELL ON THE WAITING MULTITUDE,  
THAT SEEMED TO FILL THE EARTH.  
TILL MOVED BY POTENT ORDER  
SUCH AS HOLDS THE STARS IN PLACE,  
THE SPIRIT HOST SWEEPT FORWARD  
IN MARTIAL FORM AND GRACE  
ONE CLEAR FULL CALL RESOUNDED,  
AS FROM HEAVEN'S UTMOST HEIGHT,



THE LAST REVIEW PROCLAIMING —  
WHEN FORTH IN EFFULGENT LIGHT,  
UPRAISED ON GOLDEN DAIS,  
OUR OLD LEADERS, BRAVE AND GRAND,  
THE MARTYRS OF THAT CONFLICT  
GRASPED EACH ANOTHER'S HAND;  
WHILE FLUTTERED, AS FROM HEAVEN,  
GENTLY ON THE SPIRIT HOST,  
THAT BIRD OF SACRED LEGEND  
BEARER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

A. WELCKER





A. WELCKER

OUR OLD LEADERS, BRAVE & GRAND,  
THE MARTYRS OF THAT CONFLICT,  
GRASPED EACH ANOTHER'S HAND.



WHEN, LO! WHILE YET I PONDERED  
THE WHITE MESSENGER HAD FLOWN  
AND O'ER THE CLOUD-WRAPPED DAIS,  
ROSE A MASSIVE MARBLE THRONE,  
FROM WHICH A GOLDEN SCEPTER  
AND A FORM SURPASSING BRIGHT,  
ON MY STARTLED VISION BURST.  
AS' TWERE THE FOUNTAIN SOURCE OF LIGHT.  
PURGED OF BLAMEFUL DROSS BEFORE HIM,  
MOVED THAT SPIRIT ARMY VAST;  
ON EACH BROW, A VICTOR'S CROWN,  
SEAL OF EQUAL FAME AT LAST,  
SEAL OF GLORY, SEAL OF HONOR  
EQUAL TO THOSE HEROES GRAND  
WHO ON FIELD IN CAMP OR PRISON,  
ON ENCRIMSONED SEA OR LAND  
IN RED BATTLE'S THUNDROUS MUSIC  
HEARD THE VOICE OF DUTY, CALL,  
HEARD AND ANSWERED WITH GRIM FERVOR  
"HERE'S HOPE, HERE'S LIFE, TAKE ALL—TAKE ALL!"

ARMAND WELCKER



TO THE WAKING THUS MY VISION  
RAN ITS COURSE, AND I AROSE  
RESTING FAITH IN FINAL JUDGMENT  
ON EMBATTLED FRIENDS AND FOES.  
TO THE AUTHOR OF ALL DREAMING  
AND THE DREAMER, - HIM THE CAUSE  
OF HARMONY AND DISCORD,  
SOURCE OF SANCTION, AS OF LAWS.



71.2009.084.08552



ENDOWMENT FUND

SOUVENIR

GRANT CABIN MUSEUM